

Drool

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Drool by cuntoid

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: ...i guess, Cum Eating, F/M, Fearplay, Gross, Multi, Oral Fixation, drool, dubcon, handjob, uhhh and alien cock fixation dang

Language: English

Characters: Pennywise (IT)

Relationships: Pennywise x Reader

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Warnings: Rape/Non-Con

Chapters: 1

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Summary:

Pennywise blows off some... steam. Short n sweet.

Drool

It's a toss-up as to what hurts worse - your aching jaw, forced open by long, razor-tipped fingers, or your arms as you work tirelessly to please Pennywise.

It's hard to really see what you're doing outside of strained peeks and glances; the clown has you seated with your face tipped up, mouth wide open to receive his saliva as it dribbles down his painted lips, his chin. It stains the details of his costume, winking off of the tarnished silver bells that cling to the ruffled collar. He giggles and shimmies his shoulders to make them jingle. He leans down, hot breath washing over your face, and licks the edges of his teeth, eyes bright and darting between yours. He bares them then, growling from deep inside of his chest as you work your slippery hands.

As this monstrosity drools into your open mouth, you stroke his cock with both hands - if it can be called that at all. It's large, *thick*, squirming in your fingers as it oozes some kind of cloudy, dark fluid. It smells sickeningly sweet, burnt sugar and peppermint and rot.

You don't know what to do with it, attention split between keeping your stomach from shooting its hot contents all over this creature and trying to jerk it off. You stroke and squeeze, feeling the muscles underneath as it flexes. You make out little bump-like like growths on the underbelly, flanking a long, flexible swell of tendon or muscle or whatever the fucking thing is made from. Your arms ache from wrists to shoulders. It's all you can do not to sob yourself into defeat and let it kill you. Fear permeates everything, scenting the air enough that you can taste it, sharp and tinny as blood.

Pennywise mutters something in a foreign tongue, voice strained with effort and gravelly as rocks caught in a boot's tread. It bucks its hips and whines, cock pulsing with release. Ropes of its cum coat your hands and drip down your arms to the elbow, black and viscous like pitch, tingling as it clings to your skin. The clown growls through the remainder of its climax and releases your jaw, giggling when you keep your lips parted just in case. He drags his foul tongue from your wet chin, up over your lips and nose to your hairline in what feels like an affectionate gesture.

"Good little plaything," he rasps. He takes your hand and directs it to your own mouth, forcing you to sample his flavor. The texture wrenches your poor stomach, but it tastes light, pleasantly candylike, and warms down your throat as you lick your sticky fingers clean, his eyes glowing down at you like chips of ice. He releases your hand, satisfied, and with a sudden *pop*, he bursts into nothingness. On your coffee table, a striped candy sits in gold-edged cellophane.